




SMIGGEY M^cGUIRREL.

Presented for publication by BENNETT, retail-dealer
in songs, 157½ Bowery.

I had a son, he came from the war,
With your daurel-lee, daurel-la-di-de ;
He fought in Bull-Run, and he got no pay :
Now he is carrying the hod for a shilling a day :
His name was : Nau-rel-Mickey-Nau-rel—
Nic-Nac-Nau-rel-Smig-gey-McGuir-rel- Walk off.

I got out of bed at eleven O'clock,
With your daurel-lee, daurel-la-di-de ;
I told the maid to wind the clock,
And she milk'd the cow from the chimney top ;
Her name was Nau-rel-Maggy-Nau-rel—
Nic-Nac-Nau-rel-Smig-gey-McGuir-rel- Walk off.

She fell right down upon the grass,
With her daurel-lee, daurel-la-di-de :
She got the croup-croup-croup, and I made a tent
right out of her hoops,
And I brought her to with some turtle soup :
Her name was Nau-rel, Maggy-Nau-rel—
Nic- Nac-Nau-rel-Smig-gey-McGuir-rel- Walk off,



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